



## BOSTON RECORDER.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1845.

## ANNIVERSARIES IN BOSTON.

7:15 o'clock p.m. *Americans and Foreign Sabbath Union.* Sermon at the Tremont Temple, by Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., on the importance of the Sabbath to the young men of the United States.

MONDAY, MAY 26.

3 p.m. *Patriot's Union Society,* business meeting, Park street Vestry.

3 p.m. *Massachusetts Bible Society,* business meeting, Upper Lecture Room of Park street Church.

3:15 p.m. *Massachusetts Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,* annual meeting at the house of S. H. Valley, Esq., No. 14 Beacon St.

3:15 p.m. *Boston Women's Friend Society,* business meeting at Suffolk Saving's Bank, 17-18 Tremont street.

4 p.m. *Massachusetts Bible Society,* report and addresses, Central Church, Winter street.

4 p.m. *American Education Society,* business meeting, Park street Vestry.

4 p.m. *American Tract Society,* business meeting, Park Street Upper Room, in the cars, where the dead were interred and conveyed to us this far-famed city of the sagacious and peaceful Penn.

7:15 p.m. *American Peace Society,* public meeting, Central Church, Winter street. Address by Judge Jay, of New York.

TUESDAY, MAY 27.

10 a.m. *Massachusetts Home Society,* business meeting, Park street Vestry.

10 a.m. *N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention,* in Marlboro Chapel.

11 a.m. *Prison Discipline Society,* report and addresses, Park street Church.

2:15 p.m. *Massachusetts Abolition Society,* business meeting, Tremont Temple, Hall No. 1. Addresses in the Temple on Wednesday, during the day and evening.

4 p.m. *Pastoral Association,* Park street Church. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Hinckley, of Randolph.

7 p.m. *Massachusetts Temperance Union,* report and addresses, Park street Church.

7:15 p.m. *Massachusetts Home Missionary Society,* report and addresses, Park street Church.

7:15 p.m. *American Antislavery Association,* public meeting at Ferry street Vestry.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

10 a.m. *Society's Friend Society,* report and addresses, Park street Church.

12 M. *Massachusetts Colonization Society,* business meeting, No. 56 Joy Buildings.

12:15 p.m. *American Doctrinal Tract Society,* annual meeting, City Mission Rooms, 96 Washington street.

2 p.m. *New England Female Moral Reform Society,* public meeting, Marlboro Chapel, Hall No. 1.

3 p.m. *Massachusetts Colonization Society,* report and addresses, Central Church, Winter street.

3 p.m. *Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West,* Park street Church. Addresses by Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Bacon, and others.

5 p.m. *Convention of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts,* at the Common Pleas Court Room.

7:15 p.m. *American Tract Society,* report and addresses, Park street Church.

THURSDAY, MAY 29.

10 a.m. *A.M. S. Union,* annual report and addresses, Park street Church.

10 a.m. *Mass. S.S. Society,* business meeting at the Park street Vestry.

11 a.m. *Concordia Society,* Brattle St. Church, Rev. Mr. Hopkins, D.D.

3 p.m. *Massachusetts S. S. Society,* public services, Park street Church.

3:15 p.m. *The Christian Alliance,* report and addresses, Mount Vernon Church, Somers Place.

7:15 p.m. *American Board of Foreign Missions.* Report and addresses, Park street Church.

**LETTER FROM MAINE.**

## THE CLEANSING GATE.

We found not a single Bible in any of the several apartments into which we entered, though everywhere, as well as in the reading room, newspapers and trashy pamphlets were to be found in abundance. We then thought that without delay, the fact should be communicated to the managers of the state Bible society, with a suggestion as to the expediency of inquiring into the destination of the public houses generally through the state and supplying them. But, "procrastination is the thief of time," and the suggestion has never been made. Should it in this form meet the eye of any of those interested in the success of the Bible cause in our sister state, we are sure they will not charge us with indecorum for first hitting it in the present connection. The world will certainly never be converted by merely casting the truth of God in this manner into the pathway of the traveller; but that its conversion will, by this among other means be hadened, there is no room to doubt. Much has already been done by the benevolent in this form, and much more remains to be done, which in due season will be accomplished by the blessing of God on the prayers and labors of his people.

Leaving New York at 9 o'clock A. M. on the following day, we passed the beautiful town of Newark, Elizabethport, Raritan, in the cars, where the dead were interred and conveyed to us this far-famed city of the sagacious and peaceful Penn. The day was rainy and cold—but the ride of five hours (for we two, landed safely at the point of our destination) was anything but unpleasant, conveying us through verdant fields and lovely orchards, with a rapid succession of nest villages, towering spires, elegant mansions, all associated with many names of distinguished renown in the annals of the American church. Who can pass through New Jersey without overwhelming reminiscences of men like Davies, Edwards, Brainerd, Whitfield, the Tennants, Witherspoon, Griffin, Richards and multitudes more of the same spirit, who now rest from their labors, and without breathing forth the ardent prayer that thousands like them may be raised up in the present and future generations to bless the church and the world? But we cannot dwell on their memory now, more than on the recollection of the brilliant exploits on the same ground, of the commanders and soldiers of the American army in the war that established the independence of our country, and secured to our own, the ardor of their efforts, and without breathing forth the ardent prayer that thousands like them may be raised up in the present and future generations to bless the church and the world!

In justice to both parties the design of the review of the writer, Mr. Stearns has made himself intelligible. "The clearness with which he pursues his argument, adds to our pleasure in examining it. We feel that we have a substantial antagonist to assail, capable of being seized and held, and not a misty shadow, whose precise nature we are unable to define." That author of the essay has been "seized," we are not disposed to deny, nor do we doubt that by an effort of his own, he was disposed to make it, he might escape, easily, honorably, and unarm'd.

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## Poetry.

For the Boston Recorder.

## HOPE, TRUE AND FALSE.

BY REV. HIRAM SINGHAM.

Behold a morning of splendor bright,  
Aurora shows you Eastern mountains dark,  
Where feet, and hearts of prey, and reptiles lurk,  
But haste away to shun the approaching light;  
As now the night of folly is spent.  
Tis Christ's Hope. It brings the rising day,  
The Sun of Righteousness beams on the soul;  
It cheers and purifies the grateful heart.  
And heaven's long-sought inheritance of bliss  
And glory rich, is made forever sure.

Another star hangs o'er the distant West.  
When travellers through a gay and bustling world,  
Too "busy here" and there" with toys, find late,  
Their day of grace—their hours of light gone fast,  
A beautiful evening stars attire their eyes,  
Bewildered long and late, they hail its ray,  
But hasten to the westward, where the sun sets,  
And gain to us a break from desponding sight;  
While unswayed, they dance in thoughtsless mirth,  
Fathoms Hope! In gloomy shades it sinks,  
No chirrups party of heart it gives;  
A name to live," with barrenness it leaves;  
Darkness ensues, and death, and endless night.  
To their assembly come not, thou, my soul.

## THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I have no mother—for she died  
When I was very young,  
But her memory still around my heart,  
Like morning mists hung.

They tell me of an angel sleep,  
That watched me when I slept,  
And of a soft and tender hand,  
That wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand that held my own  
When I began to walk,  
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes  
When first I tried to talk.

For they say a mother's pleased  
When infant cheeks expand—  
I wonder if she thinks of me,  
In that bright happy land?

I know she is in heaven now—  
That holy place of rest;  
For she was always good to me,  
And the good are ever blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,  
She kissed my burning brow,  
And the tear that fell upon my cheek  
I think I never saw.

And then I have some little books,  
Sigh taught me how to spell;  
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,  
I still remember well;

And when she used to kiss me with,  
And teach me how to pray,  
And raise my little hands to heaven,  
And tell me what to say.

O, mother! in my heart,  
The image still shall be,  
And I will hope in heaven at last  
That I may meet with thee.

## The Family Circle.

## THE MARRIED PAIR.

## AN INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE STORY.

"Why do you keep for so long a time at the door?" said Edward F., passionately to his wife. The night passed, but its cold winds had entered the house, as Mrs. F. was, with a sorrowful heart, unbolted the door.

"It is late, Edward, and I could not keep from shivering."

He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself into a chair, and gazed intently on the fire. His son clapped his hands, and putting his little arms around his father's neck, whispered,

"Papa! what has mama been crying for?"

Father started and shook off his boy, and said with violence,

"Go to bed, sir; what business has your mother to let you up at this late hour of the night?"

The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at the most fully frightened to cry.

His mother silently got him up, and when he reached her, she bent over him, and spoke in noisy grief. The mother heard her crying, and went to him—but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband and thus addressed him—

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your hardness to me, but I do implore you not to act in this manner before your children." And he did.

These heavy eyes full of wretchedness as well as bad hours. You wrong me—you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged.

We met, Edward, for health's sake tell me! we're ruined; it is not so!"

Edward had not a word to say to his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well—he it so, Edward!—our children may suffer from our fall—but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me if you think that carriage is the best way to get along in life. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband—leave the course you have of late pursued—it is true your father has cast you off—it is true that you are indebted to him in a serious sum—but he is not all the world—only consider your wife is that right."

A slight smile now appeared at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband.

"Mary is at the door—she says you always kiss her before she went to bed."

"My child," said the father, "God bless you—I am not very well, Mary. Nay, do not speak to me so late. Go to rest now; give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and then my child, your Son, and Father, through Jesus Christ his Son; to whom only I look with confidence for substantial good."

Please consider my respects and good-will to all inquiring friends, while I remain yours, and every body's well-wisher; especially in their spiritual prosperity.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," he said calmly, "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy, he was proud of me. It is true, I have acted dishonorably by him, and should doubtless have ruined him. Yet still, I spoke nobly, when I did. I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my dear wife, has completely stirred me. I will make up for it—I will, indeed I will. Nay, don't grieve me in this way—this is worse to me than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast room. Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F. returned.

"We must sink, my heart will not assist me. He upbraided me; I did not, I

could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you, and our little ones, but he cast us off forever!"

The distressed man scarcely said this, when a person ran in carrying the news that his son was soon perceived. In the name of F.—his father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F.—a prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mama," whispered little Mary, "mama, must my father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F.—doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take my papa away," cried out the little boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct, I am not a bad man, but this is not kind in you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife—my children, you have no right to harass them with your presence!"

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F., "I think not of me. Your father cannot dismiss me. I have not known you childhood, as he has done, but he has lost his own right for me to be here."

"I have pledged secrecy as to his real name and his execution. I intended to keep him in his family in view, so that he became so hardened. He told me to remember the treatment he received from the Lynchers' lash at Vicksburg. I did, but my eyes could scarcely credit reality. I had known him in 1832, 3, 4, and in the early part of '35, as a bar-keeper in Vicksburg. He was never a shrewd card-player, but you may imagine the increase of it when he told me his real name. I looked at the murderer and could scarcely believe my own eyes; yet he stood before me a living marvel.

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